

Carrie Underwood "Temporary Home"

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Little boy, six years old
A little too used to being alone
Another new mom and dad, another school
Another house that'll never be home

When people ask him how he likes this place
He looks up and says with a smile upon his face

This is my temporary home
It's not where I belong
Windows and rooms that I'm passing through
This is just a stop on the way to where I'm going
I'm not afraid because I know
This is my temporary home

Mmmmm

A young mom on her own
She needs a little help, got no where to go
She's looking for a job, looking for a way out
'Cause a half-way house will never be a home

At night she whispers to her baby girl
Someday we'll find our place here in this world

This is our temporary home
It's not where we belong
Windows and rooms that we're passing through
This is just a stop on the way to where we're going
I'm not afraid because I know
This is our temporary home

Old man, hospital bed
The room is filled with people he loves
And he whispers, "don't cry for me,
I'll see you all someday"

He looks up and says,
"I can see God's face"

This is my temporary home
It's not where I belong

Windows and rooms that I'm passing through
This was just a stop on the way to where I'm going
I'm not afraid because I know
This was my temporary home

Mmmmm

This is our temporary home

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